Whims of the Idler.

AN ESSAY ON SARTORIAL WIREGRASS.

Until a man can bring bimself to real-ize that three-fourths of the house he occupies must be surrendered to his wife's iglothes, he should not dare to call himself

ize that three-fourths of the house ho occupies must be surrendered to his wife's iclothes, he should not dare to call himself a veteran in matrimony.

And of all the bitter irony in the social speech of our language, there is none which so stings as that which refers to a "husband's wardrobe." As a matter of fact, the average husband is lucky if his wardrobe is as big as a cigar box.

Whatever the patient brute may hig was a depository for his raiment, he soon finds that the receptacle is overrun with those mysterious articles of attire which so to bedeck the tearful, self-willed sex. It's no use saying, "Dear, you take this big wardrobe or this big wall closet and leave me the little one." The scheme does not work and your suggestion is lotally unnecessary. In the first place, even as you are speaking, the whimsical creature airçady has the big wardrobe and in the second place, she's not going to be satisfied with it. The very next day, sandwich in among your camphor seented winter trousers, your sacred frock roat and your moth-eaten swallowtail, you will be surprised to unearth a rainy day skirt, an Eton jacket, a Raglan coat (held for sale until the cook can raise \$50 and various and sundry other articles not necesary to mention here.

This wayfarer, who is dragging along life's highways in his quiet, observant and optimistic way, does not pretend to be a scholarity authority on clothes like Professor Teufelsdrockh, of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," but he is several furlongs ahead of the odd old Teuton in a thorough knowledge of the all-pervasiveness of female apparel.

Professor Teufelsdrockh, with all his wisdom, was a bachelor. He never knew what is was to be abroad in his Sunday bravery and return home with a woman's gloves, vell, pocketbook and handkerchlef in his pocket.

And furthermore, it is to be presumed that he did not know that a woman, in point of clothing, consists of as many

And furthermore, it is to be presumed that he did not know that a woman, in point of clothing, consists of as many layers as a Bermuda onlon. The removal of one-third of these layers suffices to fill a room, while a sufficient reduction to justify the donning of a kimona, would pack a tobacco harn or a river steamboat. Woman, it must be remembered, is a studied "creation" even in her negligee. With her, it is as important to have a wrapper sit right as it is to fill a tailor-made suit with that bulging rotundity which so charms man and excites the envy of more attenuated sisters. Indeed, this bosom friend and tottering pillar of the dry goods establishments has long since specified the generalized that consultant that bosom friend and tottering pillar of the dry goods establishments has long since reached the conclusion that woman dresses, not only to please man, but to please—or, perhaps, displease—other women. Otherwise, why all the attention to those petry details which the tobacconsuming biped could not appreciate even though they were specifically called to his attention.

There is no cause-and-effect business

There is no cause-and-effect business about a man's admiration for a well-dressed woman. All he wants is the effect. He doesn't give a kitty how the result is accomplished—in truth, the less he knows about that the better. The simple-hearted extractor of corks is the most unsuspicious soul alive. He is willing, sartorially speaking to take every woman on faith. While he swelters and perspires beneath Herculean shoulders which are the product of his shoulders which are the product of his tailor's skill, it never occurs that there are also tricks in the

she-tailor's trade.

Bloss the unsuspecting chap, he thinks that every charmingly round woman is perfectly square—that is, he would never suspect her of making cotton serve the purpose of bone and meat. The petticoated partridge to him is an unadulterated years in whom there is no guild. Should he chance to catch her unexpectedly in her morning wrapper, he blushingly communes with himself later about her freedom from angles. He forgets that there are times when even forgets that there are times when even a balloon is not rotund. And in the

windy spring season, he quite overlooks the fact that there is as much skill required in the proper selection of the famous drop-stitch as there is in buying a good horse or a knowing setter deg. So, tee, all open work looks allke to him in the windows of the dry-goods stores. Mind, you we are discussing bachelors now—those unsophisticated animals who sometimes have as many as two wardrobes for their own duds and dozens of clothes hooks on their doors for everyday apparel.

for everyday apparel.

But when a man's married he learns so much and pays so high for his knowledge. Yet he never quite understand it all and isn't, presumptuous enough to try to understand it all. And to the last, he likes for the lady of his choice to appear well in public. But now he begins in a vague, quantitative way, to distinguish between cause and effect. When he strides chestily down the street of a Sabbath and feels a sense of pride in the rustling bundle of elegant feminine fluery at his side, he couldn't for the life of him tell just why she looks so stunning, but he knows one thing-it took time and space to do it. He knows that the details of the woman's make-up are legion—that she is a conglomerate mass of pins, beads, buttons, detachable collars, prison-like basques, skirts, lingerie, etc., etc., etc. (N. B. None but the married are supposed to interpret the "and-so-forths." If he and the woman he adores are on perfectly amilable terms, she will call on him to "fasten her up in the back"—that is, to clamp the hooks-and-eyes which somehow have superseded buttons. No male creature, married, single or about-to-be married, can incarcerate a woman in a basque (or whatever she calls it) by fastening her hooks-and-eyes without a thrill of horror. The husband feels that in so, doing he making his wife a prisoner—that once straight-jacketed in this basque to water the court of the court of many the court of the court of

to get a blacksmith to remove him from his coat of mail.

But the feminine self-torturing process stoppeth not with bodily imprisonment. Last of all comes the insertion of the pretty head into the botanical exhibit which has just come from the milliner's. After the umbrageous ornament has been pulled, jerked, twisted, patted, and adjusted before a mirror, she who is bankrupting you with her personal appearance, draws forth a blade of gilttering steel, and seemingly seeks her quictus to make with a bare bodkin, to wit, a hatpin, which is plunged recklessly into her fair scalp. Your blood congeals at the sight of this deadly thrust but it never results fatally and is a signal for marching orders—that is, after the woman remembers that she has forgotten her handkerchief and goes back to remind the cook not to overlook the dressing for the lettuce. When the start—the bona fide start, we mean, for the woman always goes back to the house three or four times on some little errand—is made, the prisoner of the hooks-and-eyes scuds lightly down the street, looking as placid, as comfortable and as well suited to her clothes as a bird of paradise in its gorgeas comfortable and as well suited to her clothes as a bird of paradise in its gorge

You, on the other hand, are as tho You, on the other hand, are as thoroughly uncomfortable as a gally caparisoned hod-carrier at the court of St. James. The new high hat you have just bought is too large and falls down to your ears, your cravat rides over your collar behind and reveals the collar-button in front. Your coat rucks up "in the back, while you realize with a sickening sense of shame that your A Liquid Vegetable

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vest is too short to live on terms of intimacy with the waistband of your baggy trousers. As you slouch along, feeling humble in spirit but deeply resentful towards your tailor, you observ that she who uses you as her life's mea ticket, seems to the manor born, o

ticket, seems to the manor born, or rather to her gown poured in.

Why is it thus, you ask. But once home again, in your slippers and back into your seedy everyday coat, the mystery is explained. On every side you see the paraphernalia of her who moves a goddess and who looks a queen. The minutiae of her tollette are all-previative. They overflow the house pervasive. They overflow the house with the same aggressiveness that the wire-grass dominates the back yard. Or wire-grass dominates the back yard. On the bureau are the small fixings; on the bed is a second instalment; in the big wardrobe are the dismembered portions of the costume which but a few hours before was a perfect unit; in the smaller one (yours) are the substrate which made things "set right." Chif-foniere drawers also appear correct with which made things "act right." Chif-foniere drawers also appear gorged with additional frippery while dark closets bulge with the equipment for other cos-ciumes. There's no end to 'em no touch-ing the bottom when you scratch through the pile in search for your last sum-mer's coat or treasured tan shoes. Remember, you innocent ones who sit at the feet of the battered bit of house-hold furniture with pens these lines, that iold furniture who pens these lines, that here're suits for winter and suits for for autumn; tallor-mades, lawns, per-

caies, and missions, evening dresses and kimonas, tea gowns and wrappers, bath-robes and Mother Hubbards, rainy-day skirts and golf creations, to say nothing of the et ceteras. We'd like to linger on the lingerie, too, but conventionality forbids. Suffice it to say that the zephyrs which twang upon the back yard clothes-lines could tell a story as full of detail as those of the wardrobes and wall closets.

the wardrobes and wall closets.

Ah, it is interesting—yes, fascinating to read about—but prepare, O prospective benedicks, to crowd all your sartorial treasures and gorgeous haberdashery into a cherry-seed when you "divide" house-space with the gentle soul now leaving face powder on your shoulder; for she's a spreader from Dan to Beersheba when it comes to citothes.



"It's a Poor Rule," Etc.

An unusual suit has been started in the courts of Virginia. The Bitate of Virginia is sucing the restate of McCue, the wife murderer who was hung some time ago, for the cots of his prosecution. This seems to us as quite an unusual procedure, and if the court upholds the contention of the Bitate, it seems to us, as that when a man is tried and acquitted be should then be reimbursed by the citate for the cost of defense. The rule should work both ways.—Ralelgh Times.

Official Terminology.

British discover in his expense list on government service, put down, "Porter, 2 percent war office, in a verices letter, reducted that refrahements, while in the execution public day were red chargedly to the for Topics of the public day of the reduction of the control of th

EXTRA IN COUNTHY

War News Was Very Highly Appreciated By the People.

PASSED FROM FARM TO FARM

The Political Situation As It is in King George County.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) COMORN, VA., June 2.-The Times-Dispatch's Monday extra, giving the Far Eastern war news, was greatly appreclated by the country people, and the spirit of enterprise that prompted it and the company's successful effort to serve the anxious public, without cost to the latter, have been loudly and generously

In the country, where newspapers are not on sale, one copy of an extra edi-

not on sale, one copy of an extra edition has to serve many families. A single copy of Monday's "extra" of The Times-Dispatch was passed from one neighbor to another as rapidly as the "war news" could be read, and covered a radius of five or six miles in a day. That's quite neighborly, you see.

The political situation in King George and some other near-by counties is so puzzling at this time that some of the local politicians frankly admit that they cannot even guess what the results of the primary election will be. That surprising changes in public sentiment have taken place during the past five weeks no one can deny, and it is because some of these changes have been sudden and almost unaccountable that no one feels safe in "figuring on the future." It is argued that subsequent changes are just as probably as were those that have already taken place and caused so much surprise.

When the campaign opened and up to

when the campaign opened and up to several weeks ago, Governor Montague when the campaign opened and up to several weeks ago, Governor Montague had the inside track here in the senatorial race. Indeed, King George was practically a Montague stronghold, with the exception of one small section of the county. Without a single campaign speech or a political meeting of any kind, the tide has turned; and, if the primary election were held now or within the next week, Senator Martin would receive two-thirds of the votes of the county; i. e., two-thirds of the vote polled. "Did Martin workers thus revolutionize things in so short a time?" is asked. No, indeed, they didn't. They are not even in the saddle as yet. Governor Montague's Norfolk speech, or, rather, the newspaper accounts of that, and, indeed, of other speeches, too, did the work. Now, whethor or not Martin will continue in the lead, no man can even guess.

guess.
Lieutenant-Governor Willard is hold-Lieutenant-Governor Willard is holding his own pretty well here so far. He is certainly mighty popular with the masses. This does not signify that Mr. Swanson, is without friends and supporters hereabouts. There are lots of Swansonites-lots of them; but Mr. Willard is away, ahead at this time.

The friends of both Swanson and Willard have all along greatly under-estimated the strength of Judge Mann. A quiet, careful canwass of sentiment for two weeks past reveals the fact that the author of the now famous liquor law has a powerful following in the rural districts. True, the Mannites are not making a "fuss," or boasting or betting. They are earnest Mann supporters—that's

They are earnest Munn supporters-that's

all.

A larger quantity of black (cow) peas have been sown in King George up to this time than ever before in any one season in the history of pea raising; and hundreds of bushels more will be seeded this month. Farmers are paying \$1.75 to \$\mathbb{E}\$ per bushel for the peas they are sowing. The peas, fertilizer and labor sufficient to sow a 50-acre field in peas costs considerably over \$200.

Some of the best wheat crops in this

costs considerably over \$200.

Some of the best wheat crops in this county have been attacked by "rust" in the past few days, and it is feared that the cool, wet weather will greatly increase the ravages of rust.

Experienced, conservative farmers estimate that the wheat crop of the county will not exceed 70 per cent. of an average yield.

Several large vessels are being loaded with railroad ties at Somerset Beach, on the Potomac, near here, by F. W. Payne and Company.

work on G. R. Smith's pier at Fair View, on the Potomac, and on Purks and Newton's wharf, at Birchwood, on the Rappahannock, has been delayed by the failure of pile drivers to arrive at proprietors to have these wharves com-pleted and steamboats landing at them by the 5th of June, and the public would have not been disappointed had the pile-drivers come according to agreement.

WEEK END RATES ON N. & W. RY. NORFOLK AND RETURN, \$3.50. VA. BEACH AND RETURN, \$3.50. HALF RATES TO MOUNTAIN RESORTS. The Norfolk and Westorn Railway offers for evening trains Fridays, all trains Saturday, and morning trains Sundays, round-trip tickets to Norfolk at \$3.50, and to Virginia Beach at \$3.50; also for all trains Saturdays round-trip tickets to the mountain resorts on its line at rate of ONE FARE. These tickets will be good for return passage until Monday following date of sale. This is the only line running through fast trains between Richmond and Norfolk without change of cira. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. C. H. HOSLEY,

District Passenger Agent.

JNO. E. WAGNER, City Passenger Agent. WEEK END RATES ON N. & W. RY.

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Quart Mason Jars New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses

Mothers' Oats, per pack
9c New Roe Herrings, 15e \$2.25 a dozen, or, half barrel.. \$2.25 Maple Syrup, per quart, 15c age
Fresh Soda Crackers and 41/2 c
Glinger Snaps, per pound,
Dunlop Patent Flour, 35c per
bag, or, per badrel,

\$5.60 Four-Year-Old Maryland \$2.00
Rye Whiskey, gallon ... \$50
Tomato Catsup and Sauce, per bottle... 50
Large Bottles Household Ammonia, per bottle... 50 Best Quality Bird Seed, 5C

в 40с Brooms, cheap—4-string, 20C

Seven large bars Swift's 25C

Seven large bars Swift's 25C

Sweet Catawba and Blackberry
Wine, 45c a gallon, or, 12C

Mason Jars, cheap—quarts, 45c
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Corn and Oat Chops, 41 00 Corn and Oat Chops, \$1.00

Snow Flake Patent Family
Flour, 34c a bag, or, bar \$5.40

Three pounds of Washing 5c Try our Jefferson Spring Wheat

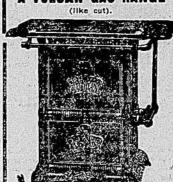
Silver King Minnesota Patent Flour, best on the market, 35C \$5.50 a barrel, or, per sack,

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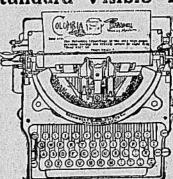
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